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Publishers' Note.

While the 'Northern Messenger' continues to have sixteen pages it will be found to form two complete papers. The inner one, headed 'Boys and Girls,' will consist exclusively of juvenile Sunday reading while the outer one will endeavor to supply family reading as heretofore. The paper is so arranged that, if desired, the inner double sheet can be slipped, before cutting, from the outer one and each part be read separately from the other.

Baghdad and Its People.

(By Dr. H. M. Sutton, in 'The Church Missionary Gleaner'.)

There are probably few cities in the world so familiar to most people by name as Baghdad is, concerning which so little is actually known by people in general. Everybody is familiar with the name Baghdad from the pages of the 'Arabian Nights,' but comparatively few people know even to what country it belongs. It is one of the chief cities of the Turkish Empire, and, after Constantinople, the second or third in size. Founded by Mansur, the second caliph of the abbaside dynasty, in the year A.D. 765, it remained for five hundred years the seat of the caliphate until the destruction of the city of Halaku, grandson of Jengiz Khan. Hence its name, Daru'l Khilafah, or City of the Caliph. Under Harunul Rashid and his successors Baghdad was renowned as the seat of Arabian philosophy and medicine, and there were probably at that day no better physicians in the world than the Arabs. At the beginning of the tenth century the celebrated physician Al Razi, director of a hospital in Baghdad, wrote a treatise on smallpox and measles. From this and other Arabic medical works of that period it is evident that the present day Arab practitioners of Baghdad are, to say the least, not a step in advance of the medical science and practice of a thousand years ago. Certainly the views now in vogue again amongst the Arabs of the pathology of diseases, with their inevitable influence on the line of treatment inculcated, correspond exactly with the melancholy fact recorded of Professor Al Razi, that he suffered from a disease of the eyes, brought on by eating broad beans!

Early in the sixteenth century Baghdad fell into the hands of the Persians, but was retaken by the Turks in 1638, who have retained their hold upon it ever since.

The greatest calamity that has befallen Baghdad in modern times was the great plague which visited it in 1830, followed by the inundation of the city from the swollen Tigris. The missionary, A. N. Groves, who was in Baghdad at the time, and other writers, have left us awful descriptions of the terrible state of the city under this double visitation, and I have often heard their accounts corroborated by old men still living in Baghdad. The plague occurred in the spring, when the Tigris is always overfull from the melting snows of the mountains of Kurdistan, in the north. At the height of the epidemic, from April 16 to April 21, two thousand people died daily. Then the river

burst its banks, and in one night seven thousand houses fell and fifteen thousand people perished.

Baghdad contains the shrines of some very eminent Mohammedan saints and leaders. There is to be seen in the city the handsome mosque connected with the burial-place of Abdur Qadir al Jilani, who lived in the twelfth century, and whose tomb is visited by pilgrims from India, Morocco, and elsewhere. A little distance outside the city is the fine mosque erected on the burial-place of Abu Hanifah (A.D. 770), the founder of

Many of the Armenians habitually use three languages, speaking Arabic and Turkish in addition to their mother tongue. I have been at the bedside of a patient where, in a company of half a dozen people, we had occasion to use five languages, and on another occasion we were a company of about forty people in a room where no less than fourteen languages were represented. The land of Shinar is thus still the place of the confusion of tongues.

Of a population of about 120,000 nearly one-third are Jews; the Christians of various



ARAB AND WIFE.

the first of the four great sects of the Sunni Mohammedans. Immediately opposite this, on the other side of the Tigris, are seen the magnificent gilded domes and minarets which mark the resting-place of the seventh and ninth of the twelve Imams of the Shiabs.

Baghdad, from its thus offering attractions to pilgrims from many parts of the Mohammedan world, as well as from its commercial position, is one of the most polyglot cities in the world. Arabic is the language of the place, but many of the resident Turkish officials never acquire it; the Persian and Indian pilgrims make no long stay in Baghdad, and the large community of Kurdish coolies seldom use any language but their own.

Oriental Churches number about 5,000; while the remaining 80,000 are Mohammedans, about equally divided between Sunnis and Shiabs. For so crowded and dirty a city, Baghdad is not an unhealthy place. The heat is intense from May to October, and the houses are built in such a way that it is impossible to live in the rooms during the hot weather. The inhabitants retire below ground to the apartments which go by the name of 'serdab,' and which are very much like the cellars of a good English house. In the intensely dry heat of the summer, with the shade temperature at 110° or 115°, a properly ventilated 'serdab,' kept down to a temperature of 90°, is a fairly comfortable

apartment. The night, from sunset to sunrise, is spent on the flat house-top. It is the want of a cool interval that makes the heat so trying. In England a close, hot day at 85° or 90° makes one feel limp, but you can be sure of at least twelve hours' cool interval before it comes again. But no such recruiting-time arrives in these hot Eastern climates. A temperature of 95° at midnight is not infrequent. Just to show what it can be, I may mention that once in 1893, but only once I am thankful to say, we had a temperature of 115° at one o'clock in the night. Yet, as I said before, Baghdad is not altogether an unhealthy place, in spite of the absence of sanitation and cleanliness. Fresh air is there in abundance, and much of the time is spent in the open, on the roof or in the courtyard, and, when in the house, doors and windows are kept wide open, except in the coldest weather, which does not last too long. Food is good, though, in the

meetings of students ever held. The last one was attended by over 2,200 delegates. Students will be sent as delegates from the institutions of higher learning from all sections of the United States and Canada, and it is probable that five hundred institutions will be thus represented. Those in attendance will also include professors, national leaders of young people's organizations, returned missionaries, representatives of Foreign Mission Boards, and editors of religious papers.

The programme will consist of addresses during the morning and evening sessions, and section meetings for the consideration of missions from the standpoint of phases of work, the different missionary lands and of the denominations which are represented. The addresses which will be given will deal with the obligation of promoting the missionary enterprise, the means which are essential to its success and its relation to the

while similar movements have been inaugurated in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Scandinavia, South Africa, Australia and other countries.

Post-Office Crusade.

GENEROUS DONORS WHO SHOW THEIR WARM INTEREST.

A large parcel of interesting papers for India has been received from Mr. Morrison, of Moore, Ont., also from Miss Abby Pease, of Richmond, Que., and \$8.25 from a generous gentleman who does not wish his name to be given.

M. E. COLE.

The Indispensable.

We must teach in a positive way, out of profound personal conviction, the simple 'facts' of the creed and the simple 'duties' of the Christian life. Incidentally we may throw light on difficulties we encounter; but the easiest way to dispose of intellectual difficulties is to keep the heart warm and the conscience clean. We may make concessions concerning certain old claims about the Bible and the church and the requirements of the Christian life, but even these must be made with caution, in kindness and in humility. It is not necessary to accept everything that even good people have defended as parts of the faith. But it is necessary to believe that the Bible contains the word of God, that supernaturalism is the only key to its fundamental teaching, and that 'life'—the life of the Spirit within and the life of obedience without—is the essential thing in Christianity. This is the work of the Christian ministry. In a sense, Sunday-school teaching is a part of that ministry.

But here let the essential be emphasized: 'Personal religious experience that develops through God's grace, personal Christian character is indispensable to efficiency in the teaching of God's word.' The end aimed at is salvation—'salvation is health.' The agent, to be successful, must himself be saved. He must be what he teaches. Christian character-building is our work. We must have Christian characters. This cannot be made too much of, as we discuss the training of teachers. The superintendents must, by his conviction, his spiritual tone, the force of his personality, by his habit of expression and the consistency of his daily conduct, impress his school and especially his teachers with this radical, this supreme idea.—Bishop Vincent.

Silent Keys.

As we would touch with soft caress the brow
Of one who dreams, the spell of sleep to
break,

Across the yellowed keys I sweep my hand,
The old, remembered music to awake;
But something drops from out those melodies—

There are some silent keys.

So is it when I call to those I loved,
Who blessed my life with tender care and
fond;

So is it with those early dreams and hopes,
Some voices answer and some notes respond,
But in the cords that I would strike, like
these.

There are some silent keys.

Heart, dost thou hear not in those pauses
fall

A still, small voice that speaks to thee of
peace?

What though some hopes may fail, some
dreams be lost,

Though sometimes happy music break and
cease.

We might miss part of heaven's minstrelies
But for these silent keys.

—Selected.



BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE TIGRIS.

vegetable line, rather deficient in variety. The drinking water is palatable if not pure, and is obtained from the Tigris, one of the four rivers that flowed out of Eden, still retaining in Arabic the equivalent of its ancient name Hiddekel. It is shown in the illustration, where the bridge of boats connects the two sides of the city. The river-boat in general use is also shown, circular in shape, capacious, made of basket-work (hence called 'guffah'), and covered with butumen.

Baghdad, which was originally (in 1882) occupied by the C.M.S. as an outpost of the Persia Mission, on account of the large numbers of Persian pilgrims passing through it to the Shlah shrines in its neighborhood, has now been made into a separate centre, under the name of the Turkish Arabia Mission. Situated in that northern part of Arabia which is under Turkish rule, missionary work is carried on from the borders of the Persia Mission on the east, across Mesopotamia and the Euphrates to the Syrian desert on the west, and from Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, on the north to our neighbors of the American Arabia Mission at the head of the Persian Gulf on the south.

Great Convention of Students will Meet in Toronto.

The Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will meet in Toronto, Canada, from Feb. 26 to March 2. The previous Conventions were held at Cleveland, in 1891, in Detroit, in 1894, and in Cleveland, in 1898, and were the largest

students of this continent. Among the speakers are Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, who will return from his tour around the world to preside at this Convention, the Right Rev. M. L. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, Mr. L. D. Wishard, the first College Young Men's Christian Association Secretary, Bishop Galloway, President Capen, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Dr. and Mrs. F. Howard Taylor, of China, and many returned missionaries and secretaries of Foreign Mission Boards. Student Christian leaders of other lands will also participate.

As the citizens of Toronto will entertain the delegates to the number of 2,500, the only necessary cost of attendance will be the travelling expenses. Reduced rates have been granted by the railways. It is not expected that the majority of those attending will be prospective missionaries, but that the majority will be Christian students who are not volunteers.

The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which calls this Convention, is one of the most remarkable enterprises of students the world has seen. It was started in 1886 when at the first Northfield Student Conference a hundred students expressed their desire and purpose to become foreign missionaries. The call to missions was taken the following year by two Princeton students to the colleges of the country. Two years later the Movement was definitely organized. As a result of its work several thousand capable college men and women have been led to form the purpose to spend their lives on the mission field; 1,800 have already been sent out by the regular missionary boards,

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Our Anna.'

(By W. R. Rose, in Cleveland 'Plain Dealer'.)

The hour hand of the big clock in the counting room of the great Rulofson factory was just ten when the door of the private office opened, and the master appeared in the doorway. He beckoned the waiting messenger to him.

'Go to the cabinet shop,' he said, 'and tell the foreman to send Rudolph Jensen to me. Tell him I am waiting.'

The boy sped away and the master returned to his desk.

He was a tall man of perhaps two-and-thirty, with a well-knit figure and a resolute face. It was a kindly face, too, and as he sat drumming with his fingers on the mass of papers before him a smile played about the firm mouth. Evidently his thoughts for the moment were on some pleasant subject.

A low rap on the door drew his attention. 'Come in,' he called.

The door slowly opened and an old man entered. He was in his workingman's garb, bareheaded, and with lots of shavings clinging to his jacket and overalls. He stooped a little as he stepped forward.

'Good morning, Mr. Rulofson, sir,' he said with a slight German accent. 'You send for me?' His voice slightly quavered as he asked the question.

'Yes, Mr. Jensen,' replied the master; 'sit down here.' And he pointed to a chair close by the desk. As the old man stiffly seated himself the kindly smile lingered about the younger man's mouth, yet the old man looked at him with a troubled glance.

'You let me speak, Mr. Rulofson?' he asked, as he pulled nervously at his thick gray beard. 'Maybe I can make some explanations. I don't blame Peterson. Peterson is a good foreman. He did just right to report me. I was late twice, and I am not quite so quick with my hands as I was. I know it. I am sixty-four years old, Mr. Rulofson, sir.' He leaned a little forward and rubbed his gnarled fingers through his grizzly hair. 'Yes, yes, I know. That makes no difference. Work is work.'

He opened up his hands and held their palms upward before his breast. They were eloquent witnesses of a life of toil. Bent and gnarled and knotted, they told of continuous weary hours with tools and lathe. Rulofson looked at the old man's hands, and the smile on his pleasant face faded.

'Mr. Jensen,' he began.

'One moment, Mr. Rulofson, sir,' the old man interrupted, 'I don't haf nothing to say against Peterson. He is a very good workman, and a fine foreman. Yes, that is right. He is looking out for your interests, Mr. Rulofson. He says to himself, "The old man is getting clumsy. He is not worth what we pay him. A younger man could do the work for less money. He has been here a long time. I will not discharge him myself. I will report him to Mr. Rulofson." He was a friend of the old man Rulofson. The old man's boy will let him down easy.' He paused a moment and slowly rubbed his hand through his grizzled hair. But before the younger man could interrupt he hastily resumed. 'I was in the factory twenty years before Peterson came. Yes. When your father started out in business he sent for me and said, "Jensen, if you will promise to be a man, I will give you work." He was goot to me. I was always too fond of the beer, and the singing, and the gardens. Your father

was different, Mr. Rulofson. He was full of ambitions. He climbed up; I stood still. We were boys together; we came from the same town. But we were different. I stood still, but he went on until he was the great manufacturer, with his thousands of men and his millions.' The old man leaned back a little and sighed.

'I am quite sure my father never forgot you,' said the younger man.

'No, he never forgot me,' murmured the other. 'The last day he visited the factory he called from the doorway of the shop, "Hullo, there, Jensen, old fellow." I remember chust how he looked when he said it. Your father was always quite as goot to me as I deserved. It took me such a werry long time to settle down to work. I would go out with the young fellows and maybe it would

trian cavalry. Even the black sheep of the family, poor Rudolph Jensen, was a werry good cabinet-maker—in his day.'

He laughed a little harshly as he leaned forward.

'Mr. Rulofson, sir,' he slowly said, 'for three and twenty years I had no reason to ask a favor of your father. I did my tasks well. He had no better workman. Now it is different. I am old. My hand is no longer my trusty servant. I come to ask you a great favor, Mr. Rulofson, sir. Do not discharge me quite yet. Let me stay a little longer.' He held up his hands quickly as the younger man tried to speak, 'Wait, Mr. Rulofson, sir. I want to explain. I want to tell you why I ask this favor. It is not for myself. I haf a daughter. When my Lena went away, she left me a little girl, a little



LET ME STAY A LITTLE LONGER.

be two, three days before I would come back to the work. Yet your father kept me right along. Sometimes he would talk to me about my foolishness, sometimes he would only shake his head. But he kept me. And then I married Lena. Then I quit my old ways. But my chance was gone with my youth. I could never be anything but a cabinet-maker, Mr. Rulofson, and for three and twenty years your father had no employee more faithful than Rudolph Jensen.'

'I have heard my father speak of you in the kindest manner,' said the younger man. 'You know that the business cares were many and that in later years his health was poor. Yet I am quite sure he never forgot you.'

'I am glad to know it,' said the old man. 'We were very wide apart, yet we started together. My family was as good as yours, Mr. Rulofson, sir. My father was a chapelmeister, my oldest brother a professor at Bonn, my younger brother a captain of Aus-

Anna. For twenty years that child has been all there is in life for me. I was her nurse, her guide, her teacher, her friend. You can't understand this, Mr. Rulofson, sir. Nobody but a father can. Some day you may.'

He paused and wiped his forehead with a huge handkerchief that he dragged from an inner pocket. Philipp Rulofson leaned back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the old man's troubled face and made no further effort to interrupt him.

'She grew up a beautiful girl,' the old man resumed. 'A beautiful girl and a dutiful girl. And as I watched her growing I made up my mind that she should be a lady. I would devote all I could earn to adding to my child's attractions. She had lessons in music, in German and French. Sometimes it pinched pretty hard, but I never wished to hold back a penny from her. No, I watched her grow up so beautiful, and gentle, and accomplished, and my heart swelled with joy. Sometimes I would whisper, "Look

down, Lena, and see what I am trying to do for our child."

He paused again and slowly wiped his forehead.

"Maybe I detain you too long, Mr. Rulofson, sir," he said.

"Go on," said Philip.

"When she was eighteen," the other continued, "she asked me if I could send her to college. She thought if she went, you see, that it would give her a better chance to teach—for she had set her heart on teaching. I sent her to the college of her choice, and there is no better in the land. It almost broke my heart to let her go—we had been together so long, but I knew it would be only a father's selfishness to keep her with me. Three years she has been in college, and three times she has come back to me—ah, those beautiful visits!"

He broke off abruptly and looked at Philip.

"You see I'm getting old, Mr. Rulofson, sir. I talk so much."

"Go on," said the younger man.

"So my Anna has now less than a year to stay in the college," the other resumed. "And then she will be graduated with high honors. Then she will be a lady with all the accomplishments that money could find. She will teach, perhaps. Maybe she will marry some good man who is worthy of her. Her old father will not stand in the way. He will keep himself quite out of sight."

He paused once more and looked appealingly at the younger man.

"Maybe you see how it is," he timidly said.

"See what?" inquired the younger man.

"Ah!" cried the other, "I thought I had made it so plain. Don't you see that if I am discharged I cannot keep my Anna in the school? She will have to leave, she will get no diploma, she may not even have the chance to teach. Don't you see that she will not be a finished lady?"

He looked at the young man eagerly, and his lip trembled and the perspiration shone on his broad forehead.

"Mr. Jensen," said the younger man, kindly, "I have a favor to ask."

"I have been told this story before," Philip Rulofson went on, "but I was glad to hear it from your lips. It came to me the first time from your daughter Anna."

"My Anna!" murmured the other.

"Yes," said Philip Rulofson. He arose from his chair and stood before the old man. He spoke rapidly. "I met your daughter at a little gathering at the home of a friend in the college town. That was six months ago. I have met her many times since. Yesterday she told me of her father."

"Ah," murmured the old man; "she should not have done that. It was not necessary. Nobody needs to know."

"I had asked her to be my wife," said Philip Rulofson, "and she sent me to you."

"What is that?" cried the old man.

"Father Jensen," said Philip, "will you give me Anna?"

The old man arose. His legs trembled, his eyes were dim.

"God is good," he murmured, as he gripped the young man's white hand in his rough palm. "I give her to you, son of my dead friend."

There was a little silence as the men stood with clasped hands.

Then a smile broke over the old man's rugged face.

"So I am not to be discharged?" he said.

"No," laughed Philip.

"Well," said the old man, "I surely deserve to be. I've lost a full half hour of precious time. What will Peterson say? I must get back to my lathe. Good-bye, Philip."

"Good-bye, Father Jensen."

But the old man paused in the doorway. His face softened, his eyes grew moist, his voice trembled.

"You will be good to my Anna," he murmured.

"Our Anna," said Philip Rulofson.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News'.)

CHAPTER V.—MIRANDA THUNDER.

"Who entertains Mr. Cheer this time, Mr. Aylmer?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

Her voice broke in upon the short silence that followed some music. Muriel was teaching John Aylmer a temperance song, and she had promised to accompany him when he sang it, at the opening meeting of the mission. It was at her suggestion that he was about to attempt to sing in public and she had chosen his song. She laughingly asserted that she had made the discovery for him that he had a voice, and the young people were having a merry time. There were no secrets at present between John Aylmer and Muriel; all the family shared in the friendship that existed between them. The young lads looked up to the temperance secretary as a sort of model for themselves; while the children welcomed his presence because he had kind words for them, and now and then enjoyed a game of play only less than the youngsters themselves.

"It isn't decided, Mrs. Lawrence," answered the young man; "I have a home offered for him in Threlfall at Miss Thunder's; but I feel we ought not to give him such a long journey every evening. So I think I must get him a room at my quarters, and ask Mrs. Metford to make him comfortable."

"I am very sorry we cannot offer to take him as we did last time," said Mrs. Lawrence, regretfully.

"Oh, do have Mr. Cheer!" said the young people in chorus. "Why don't you, mother?"

"There's nobody else coming, is there?" asked Tom; "and there's that spare bed doing no good, I should think you'd be sure to have Mr. Cheer."

It was impossible to help laughing at Tom's reason for offering hospitality, but Mrs. Lawrence did not second Tom's words.

"Father will be too busy," she said.

"Why, that wouldn't matter," said lively Tom; "Mr. Cheer says he likes to be quiet sometimes, and we could entertain him when he wanted to be entertained. Muriel could, I mean," added the boy, coloring at the mirth his words excited in his brothers.

"I suppose you have not asked Mr. Adair," said Mrs. Lawrence to John Aylmer.

"No, his interest is so weak in temperance matters—at all events, in total abstinence—that I would rather not. It would be awkward for Mr. Cheer to be entertained at a house where his host would not consent to act as his chairman, for even one of his meetings."

"Won't Miss Thunder be offended," suggested Muriel, "if her offer is refused? Perhaps she would have a carriage for him; she is rich enough, isn't she, mother? He would be in splendid quarters there, ever so much better than our spare room, Tom."

"Oh, I don't believe Mr. Cheer cares to be grand," said the boy; "he told me once what he liked was quiet comfort."

Again Tom was met with a merry peal of

laughter. "And so he liked to stay in a Methodist minister's house, who had eight children, mostly boys," said Frank. "Tom, you are too rich."

Muriel's remark about Miss Thunder had set John Aylmer thinking. Perhaps it was not wise to refuse her hospitality. She was an extremely kind woman, but noisy and somewhat vulgar; and he had not any pleasure in her society. But these were not good reasons for running the risk of offending her. She lived in a showy house in Threlfall, on property left to her by her father, who had made money easily on the Stock Exchange. He was a man that was very punctual in attendance at chapel, very ready to give liberally to all schemes of benevolence, and no one troubled to inquire as to the character of his acquisitions. He had enjoyed making money, and he had also enjoyed spending it lavishly. The style of his residence and its furnishing was a reflex of the man, showy, gaudy, tasteless, but imposing to a certain degree by the profusion and abundance of matter and material. The few really elegant articles in his rooms had come into them more by accident than design. Miss Thunder, Miranda by name, was about forty years of age; a large, stylish woman, who always dressed in the fashion, however inappropriate that fashion might be to her massive proportions. She was hearty in her hatred of strong drink, and loud in her denunciations of drinkers, with small sympathy for a temptation to which she had never been exposed, and scant mercy on those who relapsed after signing the total abstinence pledge.

Mr. Cheer, of course, knew her well; she was almost as punctual in attending all the meetings as if her life depended on their observance. Her loud masculine voice joined emphatically in the hymns and melodies that were sung, and she was 'en evidence' whenever a blue ribbon was to be pinned on, or a plate to be handed round, or a waverer to be induced to sign the pledge. She was a handsome subscriber to the funds for temperance work; she gave pounds where others gave shillings; and John Aylmer began to wonder at himself for so carelessly passing over Miss Thunder's offer of entertainment for Mr. Cheer.

"Muriel," he said; "I believe you are right. I should at once have accepted Miss Thunder's kindness. If you see her, you might suggest that she should have a carriage for Mr. Cheer; you are such a favorite of hers, you know."

Muriel laughed a sweet, loving laugh that softened her words.

"I am not quite sure that is a compliment, Mr. Aylmer. Poor Miss Thunder," she added, "I wouldn't exchange my life for hers for anything."

"I should think not," said the young man, earnestly; But Edward Lawrence exclaimed:

"I know I shouldn't object to be a favorite of Miss Thunder's. It would be a jolly good thing for me if I was. I should have a chance of some nice things now and then; she is always giving to some people."

"I must not stay longer if I go to Threlfall," said John Aylmer. "You must give me two more practices if possible, Muriel, or else I shall be afraid of a breakdown."

"You need not be; you are getting on famously," said the young girl, as they bade each other good-night.

Miss Thunder was quite pleased to find that Mr. Aylmer accepted her offer on behalf of Mr. Cheer. She received the lecturer a few days after, in her gorgeous drawing-room, laden with the contents that might have stocked an upholsterer's shop, into which

she swept in a gay brocaded dress of crimson hue, that exaggerated her red face and pile of red hair. But her words and deeds were full of hearty kindness, if they lacked thoughtfulness and grammar.

'Now here you are, Mr. Cheer; and you're welcome to anything you may want, from a mutton chop to a gold pen. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," that's what I always say. My parlormaid will show you your room, and I don't expect you often get into easier quarters. I hope you'll be comfortable, and I don't see any reason why you shouldn't be. There's a bus to Anyborough every hour, and it passes our corner, so it's handy. I had Miss Light, the lady missionary, stay with me, but I've never had a gentleman before. However, it's time I had, isn't it. Ha, ha! With such a great house to myself. Dinner will be ready when you are. It's my "At Home" this afternoon. You won't mind that, I daresay. If you came in for a bit, it might be a good thing for the mission; they would get to know you, and know about it. However, I leave it to you.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. Cheer, and vanished to his room. It was just as full of costly furniture and unnecessary knick-knacks as the drawing-room; but he also quickly recognized the fact that he had everything he could need to minister to his comfort, except the 'quiet' of which Tom Lawrence had spoken. Mr. Cheer was a small man, of middle age, with a bright, intelligent face, a lively, pleasant manner, and a very happy address. He was at home with all sorts and conditions of men, and a very popular speaker on the temperance platform. A wide experience enabled him to appeal to various classes in his audience, and his ready wit stood him in good stead.

His first mission in Anyborough had been a great success, but this second visit was to exceed it beyond all the expectations of John Aylmer and the other temperance friends. Miranda Thunder did her part, and entered fully into the increasing interest and excitement of the meetings. Muriel had hinted to her of the desirability of a carriage to convey Mr. Cheer to his temporary home after his exhausting meetings, and she responded willingly, and decided he should be taken to them as well as from them; so the advent of the lecturer's carriage was eagerly hailed from afar, and Miss Thunder enjoyed the noisy acclaims with which the people greeted and accompanied them to the hall, much more than Mr. Cheer. It was, of course, impossible that either Mr. Adair or Mr. Lawrence should remain in ignorance of all this stir in Anyborough, and each of them asked himself the same question, 'Am I right?' Mr. Lawrence's curiosity just to see how they were getting on led him into a difficulty the very first night. He looked in on his way to a country service, and was greeted vociferously. He imagined that his fine form could be hidden amongst the crowd, but very naturally he was perfectly conspicuous to all upon the platform, and he was at once invited to come up and take the chair.

He shook his head, but was compelled to give a reason. As soon as possible he beat a retreat. But it was astonishing what a magnetism those temperance meetings night after night exerted over him. He peeped in, he went in for a short time, he seemed as if he could not keep away. He heard again and again his own condemnation, and his discomfort grew.

One night Mr. Cheer spoke earnest, burning words against professing Christians, who dared, for the sake of gain, to put money into joint stock breweries, and to accept profits drawn from the 'wholesale murder,' as good

John Wesley called it, 'of Her Majesty's subjects.' Mr. Lawrence retreated from that meeting trembling, as if in an ague fit, and that night he had a dream that haunted him for days. John Wesley, the sainted preacher, as he had looked at him dozens of times in various portraits, with his long hair, his benevolent face, stood beside him as he lay in bed, and with a sad look on his earnest countenance, and a warning finger pointed at him, exclaimed, 'Thou art the man!' He woke up in such agony of remorse that he was tempted to take his wife into his confidence; but she was asleep, and he would not disturb her. Conscience, awakened and enlightened, by God's spirit, told him that she would counsel him to get rid of those shares at once; but how could he, sell interest—and principle for once echoed interest's words—even if he were willing? Was he to sell them to others?

Mr. Cheer's mission was over; a goodly number of new pledges had been taken, some backsliders restored, and the teetotalers informed, and strengthened, and cheered.

CHAPTER VI.—TWO NAMES.

Suspicious are often killed by time, especially if nothing occurs to excite a renewal of them. In the months that followed, peaceful, busy months enough, Mrs. Lawrence learned to blame herself that she could ever have harbored them against her dear, good husband. If he had taken a glass of any kind of intoxicant whatever she was quite sure someone would have brought her the ill news. He had been poorly, a little out of sorts, at the time of Mr. Cheer's second mission, and that accounted for his lack of interest in John Aylmer's arrangements. She was often anxious now about his physical health, that was the one drop of bitter in her cup. She did not like to own that he was getting older, and that she must not expect his strength to be so great and so continuous as it had been. He was still in the very prime of life, and ought to be as strong as ever he was; but even Mr. Lawrence himself owned to feelings of fatigue and exhaustion, which he was formerly a stranger to. His mind ill at ease, his conscience burdened, his profession and his practice at variance, it was no wonder that people noticed a change in his looks. He lost flesh, his erect carriage was less confident, and his bright complexion grew much paler. Mr. Adair noticed these things almost more than anyone. He felt sure that, either physically or mentally, Mr. Lawrence was a sufferer. Several times he endeavored to win his confidence. They had been such good friends in the past, but now there was very much less intercourse between them. Outwardly there was, as before, a friendly exchange of greetings and courtesies, but Mr. Lawrence's calls at the rectory had almost ceased; and Mr. Adair fancied that he avoided him whenever possible. Was it on account of the rumor which had been freely circulated in Anyborough, that he had taken shares in the 'Rara Avis Brewery?' If so, the clergyman was sorry he had taken them, and indeed the transaction had not altogether given him satisfaction, the possession of, and possible profit from, these shares were not worth the friendship of a good man. If he had lost one to gain the other, he had certainly made a bad bargain.

Every day the news vendor left a copy of the 'Standard' at the rectory; every day he left a copy of the 'Daily News' at Mr. Lawrence's chapel house. On a certain summer morning, almost twelve months after the two ministers had posted their circulars at Threl-

fall Post Office, they were each of them rather aghast to read in each of their respective London papers, a list of shareholders in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' And written, as in letters of fire, were two names read by each of them, printed thus: 'Adair, Octavius, Rector of Anyborough;' 'Lawrence, Albert, Wesleyan Minister, Anyborough.' It was terrible! The very last connection in which they desired to read their names was as shareholders in a brewery company.

The astonishment of Mr. Adair at the conduct of Mr. Lawrence was unbounded.

'I could not have believed it of him,' he said, in a disappointed tone. 'I thought he was genuine in his teetotalism. I don't wonder he has shunned me lately. He was so pronounced a teetotaler, that it was a shamelessly inconsistent act. I am surprised at his entertaining such an idea for a moment. I would as soon have expected him to pick my pocket. It is very true, you can not form anything like a correct estimate of anyone, until greed is put into the scale. I suppose it was a personal matter with him; the bait of the large percentage caught him. I must say I thought he was a more sincerely pious man. Now, in my own case, it is not my own aggrandisement in the least that actuated me; if it was a fault, the purity of my motive, the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in the parish in which he has given me my sphere of labor, will be my excuse. I may have erred, but at least my conscience is clear of trying to make money for money's sake.'

He generally in summer took the 'Standard' into the garden with him and read it while seated on one of his garden chairs, with the agreeable perfume of the flowers around him, and in an atmosphere of quiet that was extremely congenial to his studious temperament. The paper did not reach him early enough for his breakfast table. He thought so very much about the Methodist minister, that for some time he was quite oblivious of the fact that the certainty of what had before only been rumored concerning himself would disturb several of his parishioners very unpleasantly.

Mr. Lawrence's habit with his paper was altogether different. Thanks to Muriel's efficiency as assistant housekeeper, and the loving care she took of the younger children, Mrs. Lawrence was able to have a quiet hour with her husband after the breakfast was got out of the way, while Muriel sent the children to school, and made the beds, and began to prepare for the midday meal, superintending and helping the young servant just where she needed oversight and help.

And Mr. Lawrence, with his social temperament, enjoyed his paper all the more that he could thus share the news with his wife, and exchange comments on the many subjects that interested them both in the topics of the day, Mrs. Lawrence's skilful hands being all the while busy with some garment of husband or child, or more rarely her own. In his preliminary glance over the paper that morning he had caught sight of the names that were so unwelcome in that particular context. Mr. Adair's headed the alphabetical list; his own was happily less conspicuous, but it might have been printed in Brobdignagiah capitals, so glaringly did it meet his eyes.

With a sinking heart he began to read. He had never kept a secret from his wife before, unless the revelation of it was to give her joy on some festive day, and now here was the grim secret which he felt would sorely test her faith in him, published in black and white, and how was it possible to hide it any longer? He had never dreaded a punishment

when he was a boy, as he now dreaded to learn that his conduct had disappointed his affectionate and noble wife. And it would disappoint her bitterly, he knew. Mrs. Lawrence was exactly the woman who could echo the words—

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.'

The climax of this dread of his was the fear that the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle' would reprint the list of shareholders in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company;' at all events, those two particular names that were so intimately associated with the town. Already his vivid imagination, before he had read a word of the 'Daily News' to his wife, who was sitting with her work in her hand, all ready to listen to him, had formulated a paragraph in the local paper: 'Readers of the London papers will find that among the shareholders in the celebrated 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' appear two well-known local names, those of the Rev. Octavius Adair, our respected rector, and the Rev. Albert Lawrence, Superintendent Wesleyan minister of the Anyborough Circuit.'

The editor was not a teetotaler, and the tortured brain of Mr. Lawrence could well believe that he would not resist some such further paragraph as this: 'It must be gratifying to the manufacturers of pure beer, such as the 'Rara Avis Company' are pledged to produce, to find that the temperance sentiment in our locality recognizes in such a commodity a counteracting tendency to the drunkenness which unhappily prevails to so large an extent in some neighborhoods, as is manifested by the fact that two pronounced temperance men, leaders of religious thought in their respective spheres, have become holders of shares.'

He would see the editor of the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle;' he would request him, as a personal favor, if need be, to abstain from noticing the patent fact. For Mr. Adair's sake, as well as his own, he would do this.

'Well, dear.' The gentle, patient voice recalled him from his unwelcome thoughts.

'I beg your pardon, my love.'

'What is the matter, Albert?'

It was no wonder she asked him. His voice sounded strange and unnatural. He tried to read, but the letters of the words were confused, the whole page grew indistinct. He could not understand himself.

'I think I must be a little bilious, my dear,' he said, tremblingly, and then burst into tears.

Very naturally, Mrs. Lawrence grew thoroughly alarmed. Frank had not yet gone to his work, and in spite of Mr. Lawrence's feeble protest he was despatched to the doctor on his way. Mrs. Lawrence prepared some hot ginger drink, as a temporary remedy, and waited anxiously for the doctor. Her husband during her brief absence from the room folded up the paper with trembling hands, and put it in his pocket. 'Out of sight,' but very, very far from 'out of mind.' Then he lay back in his easy chair, almost too ill to think; but with a strange, vague sense that the twenty percent on his shares would scarcely pay the doctor, if he were really going to be laid by.

Dr. Austin looked kind and interested in the case at once; he was not a gloomy doctor, nor was he a facetious one. He gave his patients the pleasant sense that he would be sure to do his best for them, his attention and his tact being largely developed. He was a young man comparatively, about thirty, gentle in manner, but confident, as a

doctor must be, if his patients are to feel confidence in him.

'You have not been well lately, Mr. Lawrence. I have noticed you were looking very far from well,' he said, after his examination of his patient was over, and his leading questions asked. 'I am afraid you have worked when you had better have taken a rest.'

'Is your husband suffering from any mental strain, any special anxiety?' he asked Mrs. Lawrence, when they left the room together. 'Forgive me if I seem impertinent; there is no financial difficulty, I trust, nor any religious questionings?'

'I have no idea of any,' she answered, and then the old miserable suspicion was re-awakened, and she knew not what to think.

(To be continued.)

Chinese Methods of Detecting Thieves.

(By Mrs. F. H. C. Dreyer, in 'China's Misdeeds'.)

On one occasion, when something was stolen from a house, the officials could not definitely fix upon the guilty party, but suspected several as possible offenders. The Mandarin had these all arraigned before him in the judgment hall and told them that he knew positively that the guilty party was amongst them: that, moreover, he had one infallible way of telling who it was, and was going to use it. He ordered all to be laid side by side on a mat on the floor, and covered over, just leaving their feet sticking out. Then with a loud voice, he ordered a man to get an axe and chop off the feet of the guilty individual. He continued giving various orders, all having reference to the feet chopping and intended to inspire fear into the guilty one. When all was supposed to be ready, he said, 'Now, when I say chop, you chop off the feet of the one who stole those things, then chop those,' and in flew the feet of a woman, who doubtless feeling that her sin had found her out, meant, nevertheless, to save her feet! The Mandarin had gained his end—all were let up. The innocent were set free, and the guilty punished. How this story reminds me of Solomon and the two women!

Another story is told of a Mandarin at T'ai-ping, thirty miles southwest of here. A poor man went to a pawnshop and in coming away, left a note on the counter. The note was pocketed by the shopkeeper, who denied having seen it when the man returned and asked for it. The poor man ran to the Magistrate's office, and beat the big drum, which is only done in desperation. The Mandarin was kind-hearted and gave him a hearing at once. He thereupon sent for the pawnshop keeper, and after a close examination, in which the shop-keeper absolutely denied knowing anything about the note, the Mandarin secretly sent one of the runners to the shop to say to the clerk in charge, 'Mr. So and So has sent me for the note which the man left on the counter. He is at the Magistrate's office, and the Mandarin will not set him free until it is produced.' The clerk, fearing lest by not giving the note he might bring his master into yet deeper difficulties, and not suspecting the Mandarin's scheme, handed over the note, which the runner took to the official, who brought consternation and dismay to the shop-keeper by showing it to him while he was yet stoutly maintaining his innocence. Doubtless it cost him a few more notes to gain his liberty. Let us hope that this experience made him at least a wiser, if not better man, and that he learned that honesty was, after all, the best policy.

Another interesting story is told of a case in Shen-si. A traveller had a considerable sum of silver stolen while stopping at an inn. The inn-keeper was brought before the local official, who found difficulty in dealing with him. Relating the case to a visiting Mandarin, the latter desired to look into it. Next day they sat in the judgment hall, and the prisoner was brought before them. After a preliminary examination, the visiting official ordered that the character for silver be written on the palm of the prisoner's hand, and admonished him to preserve it carefully, for it would not fare well with him if any part of the character was missing when he returned to settle the case. Then he ordered the prisoner to be carefully guarded, and all be allowed to rest until his return. He left to attend to some business in a neighboring city, and in due time returned to sit for this case once more. This time, he called the inn-keeper's wife, and after some preliminaries, asked her where they had secreted the money which they had stolen from the traveller. The woman protested that they had not taken it. 'Oh, but your husband says you have,' said the Mandarin. 'Let me ask him again, in your hearing.' Then he ordered that the prisoner be brought to the door leading into the judgment hall. The woman was kneeling before the 'bench,' and could not hear his voice quite distinctly. The Mandarin, addressing the prisoner, asked, 'You have that silver, have you not?' The poor man, thinking the officials meant the character 'silver,' which had been written on his palm, perhaps not even suspecting that his case was being tried at the time, and desiring to show that he had faithfully observed the Mandarin's injunctions in preserving the mysterious character which had been written on his hand, held forth his hand, and said, 'Yes, sir, I have it.' The official said, 'That will do,' and the prisoner was led away. Turning to the woman, he said, 'There you hear your husband says you have the silver, and how dare you affirm that you have it not? The fact is this, your husband has confessed the whole thing, and I want to hear your side of it, too, to see if it tallies with what he says. Out with it now.' The poor woman did not know what to do. She knew nothing of the character 'silver' written on her husband's hand, and could not understand how her husband could have been foolish enough to confess the theft. Yet since it was so, she felt she would only make matters worse by lying more about it. So very reluctantly, perhaps tearfully, she told it all. When the man had satisfied himself on all points, she was dismissed and her husband called forward. To his utter amazement, the circumstances of the theft were detailed to him for his corroboration, and he could not but admit its truth and sorrowfully submit to the recompense of his misdeed, which justice awarded. Someone has said, 'Truth and oil always come to the surface.' They often do, even here in China, though not invariably, by any means; but what queer means they have of bringing it about! The incidents show the stratagem some wily officials use in getting into the heart of a case, in a land where, in some respects, the people are void of conscience.

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

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A Mother Who Helped.

(By Ralph Connor, in 'Sunday-School Times'.)

Our best deeds we often do unconsciously. Certain it is that nothing was farther from my mind than pushing my friend's cause with the great man of the railway company for which I flourished my brush. But it is equally certain that, as I turned over my sketches of scenes from camp life with the lumbermen and miners, I found myself talking with full enthusiasm of the two men who filled my imagination as the greatest of all men I had yet met. The railway man kept me talking of Graeme for an hour, and then said, 'Bring your friend to see me to-morrow,' which I did, to the mutual and lasting advantage of them both; for, when Graeme came back to me after his interview with the great man, he greeted me with a thumping whack, and demanded to know with what yarns I had been regaling his chief's ears.

'Chief?' I asked, in delighted surprise.

'So! But how did you do it?' he replied. 'With what material did you pack him?'

'Pack him? Not at all! I simply gave him a few yarns and showed him some sketches.'

'Yarns and sketches! Oh, I know you and your tricks and your ways,' he answered, shaking his head at me. 'All the same, old man, I owe it to you that I sign myself "Confidential Secretary to the Superintendent of Construction, with almost unlimited powers."'

'Good man!' I shouted. 'When you are president, I'll take an annual pass, if you don't mind.'

'You can get a pass out now, if you want to come.'

'Not yet. But when do you go?'

'Next week.'

'Next week?' I cried, in dismay, thinking of the sweet, pale face of the beautiful little lady in the manse in the country.

'Yes,' he said, a little sadly. 'I know what you are thinking of. Seems selfish, but I'm afraid I must go. My particular chief is out there now, over the ears in work, and he must have help at once.'

'It's a long way,' I said.

'Yes,' he answered, 'a long way, and a big work it will be. They say it is a five years job.' He paused, and then added, as if to himself, 'And the mother is not very strong any time.'

'Do you think you really ought to go?' I asked. 'You banish yourself; you know, from civilization and decent society, and your—your people have not seen much of you for the last ten years, and—and life is going on, you know.'

I could not force myself to speak out brutally my fear that, when he said farewell to the sweet-faced little lady he still loved better than all else in the world, it would be to see her face no more. He read me quickly enough.

'Don't, old chap,' he said, with a shake in his voice. 'I know what you mean, and I have gone over all that; but my work is out there, and I must not shirk it. She will say "Go," you'll see.'

And so she did. After a week of hard work getting his outfit together, and learning something of his duties as confidential secretary to the superintendent of construction, Graeme carried me off with him to his home to say good-by. He had written fully of his plans, so that, when his mother greeted him at the little garden gate, I saw by the way she held her arms about him, looking long into his face, that no word of entreaty

would be spoken by her, and that she had given him up.

Those three last days were days of tender sacrament. Graeme talked fully of all his plans and his hopes in regard to the work he meant to do for the men in the mountains.

'Poor chaps!' he would say, 'they mostly go down for lack of a hand to steady them at a critical time, or to give them a lift when they have stumbled; and they have, most of them, mothers at home, and some of them wives.' And the mother would smile at him with a light of divine compassion in her eyes, feeling at such moments that for such work it were easy to have her son go from her. They had long walks together through the woods, and would come back laden with spoils, mosses and grasses and ferns, and they were happy with each other as a boy and girl in their first love. How I envied him, and how I pitied him! Such a love is earth's greatest treasure, the loss of it earth's greatest loss. But the hours of the three days fled with winged feet, as do all happy hours, and we came to that hour of sweet agony we shrink from most, and yet would not miss.

Long before the sun we had all been astir, for we had to catch an early train. Breakfast by lamplight is always a ghastly affair. The food is nauseating, the conversation drags wearily, the whole atmosphere is depressing.

Graeme was making a great effort to adopt a matter-of-fact tone with a little tinge of sharpness in it, except when he spoke to his mother. The father came down half dressed, as we were rising from an almost untasted meal, to have, according to his invariable custom, a word of prayer. It was always an ideal, that prayer of his.

A man must give up pretenses when he undertakes to address the Almighty. There is no place in prayer for stimulated cheerfulness and courage, and, as the old man prayed the barriers were borne down by the rush of feeling hitherto held in check by force of will. The brave little mother broke down into quiet weeping while the father commented 'the member of the family departing from his home this day to the care and keeping of the great Father from whom distance cannot separate, and to whom no land is strange.' Graeme, too, I could see, was losing his grip of himself; but the prayer rose into a great strain of thanksgiving for 'the love that reached down from heaven to save a world of lost men, and for the noble company who were giving their lives to bring this love near to men's hearts.' Then we all grew quiet, and under the steadying of that prayer the farewells were easier.

'Good-by, Leslie, my son; God be with you, and keep you, and make you a blessing to many,' said the old gentleman. His voice was grave and steady, but he immediately turned aside, and blew his nose like a trumpet, remarking upon the chilly morning air. The mother's farewell was without a word. She reached up, and put her arms about her son's neck, kissed him twice, and then let him go.

But while the trunks were being got on to the waggon, she came and stood outside the gate, looking up at us with a face so white and wan, but with a smile so brave, so trembling, so pitiful, that I did not wonder that Graeme suddenly sprang down from the seat, and ran to her.

'Oh, mother! mother!' he cried, in a choking voice, gathering her to him, 'I can't do it! I can't do it!'

'Oh, yes! we can, my boy,' she answered,

smiling, while her tears flowed down her pale cheeks. 'For his sake we can.'

And while we drove up the hill, the smile never faded from the face that seemed alight with a glory not of the rising sun.

The Dependable Girl.

(By Minna Stanwood, in 'The Wellspring'.)

There was going to be an affair at our church, one night, to which a number of prominent people were invited guests. One of the committee happened to mention that she had asked Louise Reed to sing. Now, Louise sings fairly well, but scarcely well enough for such a 'swell' occasion; it seemed to me. So I said, 'I suppose you have asked Miss Sizer to sing, also?'

Then the committee girl answered, with strength in her tone, 'No, I haven't! Yes, I know Miss Sizer sings beautifully, and if I were to ask her, she would say, "Why, of course, I'll sing. Be glad to." Then when the night came Miss Sizer would in all probability be missing; the committee would boil and fume and stand outside in the cold watching frantically for Miss Sizer, as if that would bring her; and at the last minute one of us would have to go in abject misery to Miss Reed and beg her please to sing "The Maid of Dundee." And she would sing it cheerfully, although she knows we have heard it forty times, more or less, and that the people who don't understand about the scrape we have got into would be thinking, "Why in the world doesn't that girl learn a new song?" Oh, yes; Jessica Sizer sings beautifully, so beautifully that you can forgive her for not being dependable—if you're not on the committee. But if you are, and find out that she has thrown you over simply because somebody else has given her a more attractive invitation, and that she has accepted it without a regret for your predicament, why, then, you think differently!'

The deep feeling in the committee girl's voice spoke more eloquently than her words, and I turned away humbly, strongly impressed with the beauty of the characteristic of dependableness.

'I often wonder,' I said to a friend who keeps a drug store in the most fashionable part of the city, 'that you do not have a young lady for your bookkeeper. You have a delightful store, and elegant, refined women for customers, and I should think it would be an education for some young girl just to be here day after day. Besides, your work can't be so intricate and exhausting that you need an accountant in the shape of a man!'

The gentleman looked at me with a twinkle in those clear-seeing eyes of his, and said: 'I suppose it will be a terrible blow to your pride in young girls when I tell you that I tried ten of them in three months, and then gave it up in disgust. The trouble is, you can't depend on them. The first one never could make her cash balance, and I'm particular about that each night. The second one never could get here until nearly nine o'clock, and about every half hour she was running round to the prescription desk to see the time. Five nights of the week she was here, she went home without putting the stamps and money away, and when she went down to the bank she stopped to do her own shopping. She would begin to put away her books about five o'clock, and then sit cleaning her nails, waiting for six o'clock. Another was too absorbed in our young men clerks to know much about what she was doing. Another wasted an hour or two every day gossiping with girl callers. The last one was really

very capable, and so I undertook to teach her to figure our foreign invoices, but she coolly told me that she didn't care about learning because she expected to be married in a few months, and that she was only working to earn a little extra money. After she left I engaged this young man. Is he perfect? Oh, no; but he doesn't think the business must stop if he has a slight headache, and he knows that when I say get here at eight and stay till six, I mean what I say. I have had an unusual experience? I sincerely trust I have.' The courteous druggist gave me a quizzical bow and smile as he went on to say, 'If you will contract to find me a young woman who knows her business, is bright, alert, ladylike, and dependable, I will guarantee to find a good position for her.'

I have not taken up that challenge yet, although I might if I wished. What my druggist friend said did not prove that there are no dependable girls, simply because he did not happen to find one among the ten he tried.

Of course, we have all heard time and again of the little housemaid who became converted. When some one asked her why she thought she was a Christian, she was somewhat at loss for an answer, but at last replied: 'Because I sweep under the mats, sir.' Could she have a better reason for believing that Christ had come into her humble young life? Her love for him was making her faithful in little things—dependable. I know a lady who took music lessons steadily for a number of years when she was a young girl, but she is such an indifferent player now that she will not even undertake to play the simple gospel hymns for an evening meeting. When somebody expressed surprise at this, reminding her of all the instruction she had had, she said, earnestly: 'I know it. I ought to be a good player, for I had a good teacher all those years, and she could never understand why I made so little progress. I'll tell you why. When I went into the parlor to practice, I took a story-book with me, and read while I kept my fingers running over the keys to make my mother think I was practicing. She knew so little about music, poor mother, that it was easy to deceive her, and she was so kind that she would never open the door lest I should be disturbed. It was a contemptible trick, and I am ashamed of it now, but you will never wonder again why I cannot play.' Said a young primary teacher: 'At first I used to work over the children and fret if every one of them didn't do well, but I don't do that now. I give the lessons and keep them quiet, and let it go at that. I'm as well off. The committee think just as much of me, and I get my salary just the same.' Oh, pity the girl who needs watching in her work! She is wronging her own soul more than she can wrong any employer. She is spoiling the beauty of her own character every time she yields to the temptation to be unfaithful.

We want dependable men to run our governments, our steam trains, our electric cars, our engines, our elevators—our lives are in their hands. But more we want dependable women in our homes and schools for mothers, sisters, teachers, for they help make dependable men. We want dependable girls. The girl who weighs the pros and cons before she promises, and having promised will stand by through thick and thin; the girl who honors God in her heart and is anxious that Jesus Christ shall appear to her that she may be like him; the girl who steals not her employer's time, nor his money, who wants to work, who is grateful for work,

who is concerned that her work shall be the best of which she is capable—she is the dependable girl. God loves her and prospers her, men and women love her and trust her, little children love her and try to copy her. The dependable girl—bless her!

Getting Even with Mother.

John Lee had become unsteady. He had formed the acquaintance of some fast young men, and every time he went down street some one would ask him to drink, and then he would have to treat, and the habit of drinking so grew on him that he was fast becoming a drunkard. A good many nights, while he was sleeping off the effect of liquor he had drunk, his poor mother was awake, weeping and praying for him. Sometimes she would talk to him, and he would promise to do better, but he always broke his promise.

Pretty Mary, who had promised to become his wife as soon as they could save enough money to go to housekeeping, noticed a change in him, and mistrusted that all was not right. But she kept hoping for the best, and saving her money to buy the furniture for the happy home she hoped soon to enjoy.

One night John was brought home drunk—so drunk that the next day he was sick and heartily ashamed of himself. His mother talked to him long and tearfully. She told him of Mary's love and patience and faith in him, and ended by saying, 'Now, John, if you will sign the pledge and keep it, at the end of six months I will make you a present of fifty dollars toward setting up housekeeping. I know I can get it somehow.'

John laughed and said: 'All right, mother, I'll do it, and hold you to your promise.' So John signed the pledge, and his mother began to save. It required close calculation to lay by several shillings a week; but she new trimmed her old bonnet, and turned her old dress, and mended her shoes, and patched her aprons and drank her tea weaker, and gave up drinking coffee, and ate the tiniest bit of meat, and in one self-denying way and another the little pile of savings slowly grew.

John's appearance rapidly improved. He walked more briskly and stood erect; his eyes grew bright, his breath became sweet, his temper cheerful, and Mary thought him smarter and handsomer every day. Sometimes he peeped into the cracked teapot which held his mother's savings, when his eyes would twinkle, and a queer smile would curve his lips.

He said to a friend, 'It made me just ashamed when my dear mother offered to give me fifty dollars if I would give up drinking; and I made up my mind that I would be even with her. Says I to myself, "If you can save fifty, I can save a hundred." So I gave up smoking and bought me a tin savings bank, and every day I would drop in about what I thought my tobacco and beer would cost me.'

'The day my six months was up I emptied my savings bank; and would you believe it, there was over a hundred dollars in it! Well, I took it to the bank and got one hundred new dollar notes and then I got a spool and pinned the notes together, and wound them around the spool, and then I ran a stick through the spool, so that the spool would turn around on the stick. I tucked it into my pocket and went around to see Mary and invited her over to mother's to tea. After supper, says I, "Mother, do you know the six months are up to-day?" Says she, "Yes, John, and I have fifty dollars for you."

'She got up and handed me the money. "Thank you; it will be quite a help to us about housekeeping. Mother, will you please

remain standing, I have a little present for you—some tobacco," said I; and I took out the roll of notes and had her take hold of the end of the one outside, and I held on to the stick in the spool and walked backward. She kept pulling until we reached the end, and by that time she was crying and had to sit down.

'Well, we had a jolly time, you'd better believe, and the next week Mary and I were married, and I have not drank a drop of liquor since. Then we commenced to go to a place of worship, and the Lord converted us, and now we have got the neatest, happiest little home you ever saw. Come down and see us, won't you?'—Kind Words.'

Homely Counsel on Care.

Do not trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you,
Do not look for trouble;
Let trouble look for you.

Do not borrow sorrow;
You'll surely have your share,
He who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow's there.

Do not hurry worry
By worrying lest it come.
To hurry is to worry;
'Twill miss you if you're mum.

If care you've got to carry
Wait till it's at the door.
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.

If minding will not mend it,
Then better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it—
Just leave it all behind.

Who feareth hath forsaken,
The heavenly Father's side;
What He hath undertaken,
He surely will provide.

The very birds reprove thee,
With all their happy song;
The very flowers teach thee
That fretting is a wrong.

'Cheer up,' the sparrow chirpeth,
'Thy Father feedeth me;
Think how much more He careth,
O lonely child, for thee.'

'Fear not,' the flowers whisper.
'Since thus He has arrayed
The buttercup and daisy,
How can'st thou be afraid?'

Then do not trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble,
And trouble others, too.
—Mark Guy Pearse.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

We say to the young: Do not touch strong drink; it is poison to the body and the soul. The danger of the drink habit is far greater than you can know. You may see no danger in the drink habit. We do, and earnestly warn you of it.—Neal Dow.

HOUSEHOLD.

Uses of Apples.

(By Mrs. Abbie M. Worstell, in New York 'Observer'.)

Apple sauce, well made, is a delightful relish; poorly made it is anything but appetizing. Quartered, stirred and sweetened only, somewhat broken and tasteless, such is not attractive. The old-fashioned way to make apple sauce was to cook the pared quarters in sweet cider, till tender, keeping all in shape. It took a half a day to make it, and cider-apple sauce was apparently a necessity in every farmer's larder. Apple butter was also thought much of. It was made by cooking apples, cider and sugar all together, for a long time, till of an even smooth consistency, and by stirring continually. Its quality depended upon the amount of stirring and it had the appearance of a soft marmalade.

But to the good apple sauce of our own day, a tart apple is called for, ripe, yet not too mellow. Pare, slice and stew with a little water, stirring often till of an even, smooth consistency, then add a little salt, and sugar to the taste, and keep stirring till thoroughly incorporated and remove at once from the fire. It is ready to put into a dish to cool. A little nutmeg or lemon flavor is a matter of taste, and some stir in a piece of butter to add to its richness. Sugar counts for little if added while cooking. We have all its effect if added after the sauce is cooked.

A light and quick apple dumpling is made in this way: Pare and slice four mellow, sour apples into a two quart pail or pudding dish, add one cupful of sugar, a little salt and several bits of butter. The apples will have juice enough of their own. Over these put a stiff batter, made of a coffee cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt, a teaspoonful of butter, and milk to have the batter laid in one piece over the apples. Press down the crust and cover the pail, and steam briskly for an hour and a half. Turn out, upside down, on a platter, and serve with a hot sauce, flavored with lemon. Stir the yolk of one egg into the sauce and lastly stir in the white, beaten to a froth.

Another way is to roll the pared, cored, tart apple in a rich paste, or if preferred in a plain 'pie crust,' and bake it. The cores should be filled with butter, sugar and a good pinch of cinnamon. To be served with hard and soft sauce. These can be made very rich or plain, but they are always good.

An apple porcupine is a handsome dessert. Pare and core six nice, fair, sweet apples, stew in a large kettle with a little water till tender, then remove carefully to a platter and place in regular, oval-shape. Add sugar to the juice left in the kettle, liberally and cook a few minutes, till it readily stiffens, then pour it over the apples, having flavored it with vanilla. When cold and stiff, stick over the apples, the back of the porcupine, blanched almonds, split and once divided; these are the porcupine bristles, and should stand up well and briskly. All over this scatter generously shredded cocoanut, and over this the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with two spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Have the surface rough, not smooth and not at all hiding the porcupine's quills, and brown all delicately in the oven.

Apple pie! But there are apple pies and apple pies! Into the inside of a perfect pie go seven ingredients, butter, sugar, flour, salt, spice, water, vinegar or lemon juice. Having pared and thinly sliced tart apples, lay into a plate lined with a good paste, a liberal supply of fruit, for few things are more unsatisfactory than a thin pie, neither should they be too thick, they look gross and not inviting.

Over the apples put evenly one cupful of sugar, over this a spoonful of butter, cut in small bits, over this a liberal pinch of salt, evenly distributed; then spice of any sort desired, cinnamon or nutmeg, or lemon flavor or grated lemon rind. Then one spoonful of water, and one of lemon juice, or if 'miles from a lemon' vinegar instead will do. Lastly a good sprinkling of flour over all; this thickens the juice and prevents loss of it, but the edges of the cover of paste and the bot-

tom paste should be secured with great care, to bake a 'perfect pie.' A few, yes, quite a good many tiny thin slices of quince preserve added to an apple pie, for 'spice,' give it a more delicious flavor.

Surely I Come Quickly.

If He came to-day could I ask Him
To go through my house with me?
Or is there so much stored away
That I'd not, like His eyes to see?

What have I got in my bookcase?
What are those books doing there?
Are they put to the best advantage?
Are there none that I can spare?

Will my wardrobe stand inspection?
Hadn't I better make sure?
Is there nothing there I have done with
That would help to clothe the poor?

Of the 'mammon of unrighteousness'
I may lasting friends now make,
Then when earthly treasures fail me,
Of their Heaven I may partake.

I cannot take them with me,
I may send them on before,
That my mansion may be well furnished,
And myself may not be poor.

Then the other rooms of my dwelling—
From basement to attic height—
Are things accumulating there
Which will not bear the light?—

The light which my Master's coming
Sheds on my pilgrim way,
Telling me very plainly
That I have not long to stay.

Am I prepared and ready,
Each obstacle put away
That would hinder a joyous greeting,
If my Lord should come to-day?
—'Faithful Witness.'

A Rest Cure.

I had a chronic case the other day, able to go about business, seen by many doctors, and at times, and temporarily relieved. I recommended rest in bed for a month and some preventive treatment. Of course, it was not taken. But it will not be long before that same advice will be compulsory, and for many months, and the man will be a confirmed invalid. It will cost tenfold in the end and be added sadness. In another case of an acute form of heart trouble I threatened to tie the patient, hand and foot, if she moved either save by absolute necessity, before I could make an impression of the importance of rest. I had in this case the highest pulse rate I ever saw, 170 a minute, showing a very serious condition. She was up in ten days (observing the rest advice) when otherwise she would have been under treatment for three or four weeks; besides which the result will now be a much more permanent cure. Rest is more than half the treatment.—Kenneth F. Junior, M.D., in 'Christian Work.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Perry Settlement, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' since I was six years old. Now I am fourteen. I always thought it very cheap at thirty cents a year. This year I got you four new subscribers, and now I have got the 'Bagster Bible' you sent me. It is very nice. It is too much for all it cost me. I do not know how to thank you enough for it. I hope to keep it while I live. I intend to read it many times. The print is just right.

B. N. MANNING.

Bristol, Que.

Dear Editor,—I received that nice Bagster Bible you sent me for getting four new subscribers, and I think it just lovely. The

type is so clear and so easily read that I use it every morning and evening at worship, and I thank you very much for it. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time and would not like to do without it, there are such nice stories in it. I like the 'Little Folks' Page' the best and I think that everybody should take your paper. I am going to take care of my papers and send them to those who have not got any. Yours truly,
A. IDA MURRAY.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

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(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

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BABY'S OWN SOAP

Correspondence

A REWARD FOR INTERESTING LETTERS.

Any child on writing a letter for this department may send, on a separate sheet of paper, the names and addresses of a dozen boys and girls who do not take the 'Messenger.' If the Editor thinks the letter interesting and can find room for it, marked copies of the issue containing it will be sent, free of charge, to the young friends named, and, besides, the paper will be sent to each of them for five weeks, also free of charge.

If the first letter does not appear it may be owing to too many letters having been received the same week, or it may be considered too like some other letter. Do not be disappointed, just act on the old proverb 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again!' But only one child in a household may have the privilege of sending in the list of names, and that one only once during the year.

Frankville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a year and like it well. I enjoy the correspondence very much and I thought I would write a few lines too. I live on a large farm, and my father keeps lots of stock and fine horses. I have two sisters and no brothers. My oldest sister goes to High School, and I expect to go next year. We have a lovely, big cat, called Dot, which is the pet of the family. My youngest sister has a beautiful little Jersey calf, two horses, two Bantams and two cats for pets. She prizes them all very highly.

MARY E.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor,—While away in the country, I saw the 'Messenger,' and a very kind lady subscribed for the paper for me. I enjoy the paper very much, especially the Correspondence. I live with my grandpa, grandma and mama as my papa is dead. I have one little sister Kathryn, she is five years old. She is busy all the time either sewing, reading or singing. I go to school and like my teacher very much. I was ten years old on New Year's Day. This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.'

GRACE P.

Cranberry, Que.

Dear Editor,—As Mr. and Mrs. James McCraynolds sold their farm and moved to Maple Grove, Mrs. McCraynolds told me I might have the 'Messenger,' so that is the way I know it. I think it is all a very nice paper, but I like the Correspondence the best, so I thought I would write a letter. I have three brothers and one sister. I have a grandma alive. Both my grandpas are dead and one grandma is dead. It is about a mile from here to grandma, I often go over to see her. My school commenced on Nov. 11. The teacher is boarding with us; we all like her very much; her name is Miss Nettie McKenzie. I am eleven. I am in the fourth book; I study spelling, Canadian history, geography and arithmetic. We have three horses. I saw a puzzle in the 'Messenger,' and the only answer I can give is that she was born in leap year, and that her birthday is on Feb. 29. We keep the post-office.

REITA C. D.

Clark's Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger'; I think it a nice little paper for children to read. I like to read the Correspondence, but I do not see any letters from Clark's Harbor. The editor's letter to the children was a good letter. I thank the editor for such a good letter for us, little girls and boys, to read.

FANNIE E. C.

Malakoff, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' As I saw my letter was printed, I thought I would write again. The scholars of our school had a concert at Christmas. Our teacher's name is Miss Mains. I like to read the 'Messenger,' at Christmas time there are so many nice stories in it.

BOWER M. B.

North River, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm, seven miles from the city of Charlottetown. I have four sisters and four brothers. My oldest sister is married and my oldest brother is married. We have twenty-six cattle, seven horses, also a number of sheep and pigs. I go to school every day. I am in the sixth book. Miss White is my teacher, I like her very much. I have three pets: a cat, named Topsy, a dog named Juno, a pig, named Dick. My birthday is on Oct. 27. I have a sister whose birthday is on the same day.

RACHEL MURIEL D.

Waubashene.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. Waubashene is a little village in the county of Simcoe; it is a very pretty place in summer. The bay is fine for fishing and boating, and in winter for skating. We have two churches here: a Catholic and a Protestant. I go to Sunday-school, and I get the 'Messenger' quite often. I like reading the Correspondence. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Ball. I have two little sisters and a brother. Their names are Myrtle, Clifford and Hilda. I go to the public school every day, and I am in the senior second book. We have a cat, a kitten and a dog.

ALMA B.

New Annan, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it the nicest paper published. I live on a farm. My father has one horse, and I water him. My pets are two sheep, a cow and two chickens. We had a Christmas concert on Christmas eve, and I helped to sing, and we had a dialogue called 'Santa Claus and the Spirit of Childhood.' The children were all dressed to represent the different countries.

ANNIE MABEL B.

West New Annan, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it a very nice paper. I am a little girl, eleven years old, and go to school. I am in grade six. Our school teacher's name is Miss Smith, and we like her very much. I have two sisters and no brothers; my younger sister has two pigeons. There is a good skating place handy here, and we enjoy ourselves by skating in the fine evenings. A big crowd gathers with us.

J. C. B.

Halifax, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' a long while and like reading it. I have four sisters and three brothers. We have three cats and one dog, his name is Prince. We have two horses. I go to school and I am in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss Johnson. I am ten years old.

HATTIE J. B.

Clinton.

Dear Editor,—I have obtained two new subscriptions for the 'Northern Messenger,' and enclose the two new names and two renewals, so you see I have done pretty well for a little girl. I have taken the 'Messenger' this year, and I am able to read it for myself as I am in the third reader. Our school is only half a mile from my home, and we think we live in the garden of Ontario. The country round here has been settled for sixty years. I hope you will print this letter on your correspondence page as this is my first letter to a paper.

JESSIE L. (Aged 8.)

Manotick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I send you an answer to the puzzle in the 'Messenger' of a recent issue. The older girl was born on or about Dec. 1, 1885, consequently she will have reached her sixteenth birthday at the date of her birth in the present month. The second girl was born on Feb. 29, 1888, her birthday coming only once every four years. Consequently she will be sixteen years of age when she has reached her next birthday.

FRED A. M.

Wolsley, Assa.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and we like it very much. I have four brothers and one sister. I go to school every day in the summer. I am in the part one.

LESLIE I. M.

Prospect.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read the stories and letters very well. I live just across the road from the schoolhouse. We live five miles from Portage La Prairie. I go to school every day and I am in the third reader. I have four sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother is a school teacher. My father is a Methodist minister. He is away at the Prophetic Conference in Boston. We have no pets like some of the children who write you, have; but we have a horse and a cow. My brother has some hens. I guess I have written enough this time. I have never written to you before. I am eight years old, and my birthday is on April 5.

WESLEY W. I. (Aged 8.)

Halifax, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' a long while, and like to read it. We have two cats and one dog, his name is Rover, and three horses. I have four brothers and three sisters. I go to school and I am in the fifth book. Our teacher's name is Miss Johnson. I am thirteen years old.

ESTHER H. B.

Maskawata, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking of writing to the 'Northern Messenger' for some time. I started to school last May and I am in the part second reader. I live on a farm and my father keeps the post office. I have three brothers and one sister. I was eight years old on Dec. 5, and if there is any little girl whose birthday is on the same day I would like her to write to me and I will answer her. Our three cats' names are Tabitha Tortoiseshell, Zaida Bridle, and Jerry Sylvester. They are very wise cats. I would like very much to see my letter in print.

FLORA ISOBEL MacC.

South Nest, Lot 10.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school. I have three pets: one dog and two cats, and their names are Bobtail and Kittle, and the dog's name is Frisk. We have two horses and three names are Harry and Angus. We have three cows and their names are Spotty and Mull, and Dew. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Feb. 3.

PENZIE M. C.

Leonardville, Kans.

Dear Editor,—We are three little girls who are neighbors. We got together to write a letter to the 'Messenger.' We go to school every day and have lots of fun with little Archie and Carlus. We have been eating apples and jelly-rolls all day. We wish we could send you some. We have six pets altogether. Our little sisters have a pet pig and a rifle. We have fourteen dolls altogether. One of our sisters is married. We all take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. We like to read the Correspondence and Little Folks' page. We had lots of fun last year when it snowed, sliding down the hill on a scoop-shovel. We hope we will have as much fun this year. We hope this letter will be printed as we have not seen any from Kansas.

FLORENCE, ELLA and MABEL.

Carsonville.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. I have three pets: a yoke of oxen, named Duke and Teek, and a dog, named Beauty. I go to school and I am in the third book. I belong to the Jennie Ford Mission Band. We had a concert and I am going to have something in it. I go to Sunday-school, and my sister is my teacher. I live about two miles from the church. Papa is threshing for my uncle. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it fine. My sister Jessie likes it too. I also take the 'Farm and Home' paper. Papa has twenty-five head of cattle and three horses and five pigs.

ALEXANDER C. (Aged 9.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is February, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Flower Parable.

(Free Church of Scotland Monthly.)

As Fred Barlow came up the walk he saw through the open door his pretty cousin, Lois, standing with a bouquet of roses in her hands, the picture of perplexity.

'Well,' he said, inquiringly.

'Well,' she repeated, 'what do you think of that?' and she handed him the flowers.

He saw at a glance that the bouquet had been one of rare beauty, but now the flowers were withered. From many of them the petals were fallen, and the ferns and smilax were yellow and drooping. Even as he took it a shower of rose leaves fell at his feet.

'With the love of Mrs. Malden,' he read from the card attached.

'She hasn't just sent it, of course?' he said in a questioning tone.

'Sambo brought it in that box to the door not five minutes ago,' she answered.

Fred picked up the box and looked it over carefully, as if to find some explanation of the strange gift.

'Depend upon it,' he said at length, 'she must have sent it by him several days ago, and the rascal forgot to bring it. Of course she wouldn't insult you by sending you such a specimen.' And he tossed the bouquet contemptuously on the table. 'Come,' he said, 'let's have a game of tennis.'

In the interest of the game Lois forgot the matter, but when she was alone again her perplexity returned.

'I don't believe Sambo could have forgotten it,' she said. 'How beautiful it must have been! I don't understand it at all, and when I get a chance I am going to ask Mrs. Malden.'

The chance came sooner than she expected, for that very afternoon Mrs. Malden called and invited her to ride. Mrs. Malden's stylish turnout was the admiration and envy of all the Creston girls, and Lois felt quite elated as she took her seat in the handsome phaeton. For a little while they talked of indifferent matters, and then Lois said:

'Those were very rare roses you sent me this morning,' thinking as she emphasized 'this morning,' that she would find out whether they had been sent before.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Malden, 'they were beautiful. I gathered and arranged them for you on Monday, but I enjoyed their beauty and fragrance so much I kept them myself as long as I could.'

She spoke seriously, but when she saw the look of amazement on Lois's face she could not conceal a smile.

'If it wasn't a mistake, Mrs. Malden, it must have been a parable,' said Lois decidedly. 'Please tell me quick.'

'Dear Lois,' said her friend, 'I wanted to show you how you mean to treat your best friend.'

If Lois was perplexed before she was wholly mystified now, and begged for an explanation.

'Last week,' said Mrs. Malden, 'I passed a group of high school girls on the street. I think they were talking about Annie Temple's joining the church the week before, for I heard her name, and then I heard one of them say, "Oh, of course, I mean to be a Christian when I get to be an old woman, but now I am young I mean to enjoy myself and have a good time."

'I said that myself,' said Lois, 'but I surely—'

She paused, and after waiting a moment for her to conclude her sentence, Mrs. Malden said:

'There never was a greater mistake than

the idea that becoming a Christian lessens the enjoyment of life; but it is not that I wish to show you. Life lies before you, bright with promise like those budding roses when I gathered them. Beauty and health are yours, mental facilities alert and active, and unnumbered opportunities, and the energies and enthusiasm of youth. And from the friend who has given it all to you, and says, "Give me thine heart," you turn away and answer, "Not yet, O Lord, not yet, wait until I am old and feeble, when bodily strength is failing, when mental powers are waning, when my life can be of no pleasure to myself and no service to thee. Then I will give it to thee." Were not those fading flowers a fit emblem of such a gift, dear Lois?'

The young girl bowed her head in assent, but she made no reply.

The next morning Fred ran in to see why his cousin had not been at the party the evening before. 'Oh, I could not go' said Lois; 'I wanted to think.'

'To think!' repeated Fred, banteringly. 'I was afraid you were sick, but I had no idea it was anything so serious. Have you called a doctor? Does he think you will get over it? Is it contagious?'

'Oh, I hope it is,' eagerly interrupted Lois, 'I was thinking about those flowers,' and she pointed to the bouquet still standing on the table beside him.

'Oh, yes, I see' Fred began again, 'brooding over the insult you have received. Planning for sweet revenge. If you need any assistance, remember I am at your service.'

But Lois was too much in earnest to smile at his raillery.

'Do you know, Fred, when Mrs. Malden said that she picked those flowers for me Monday, but didn't send them until yesterday, because she wanted to enjoy them herself as long as possible I was too astonished to say a word.'

'I should think so,' said Fred. 'Did she really say that?'

'Yes; and she did it to show me that it was really like you and me putting off being Christians until we are old.'

Fred whistled softly, and Lois went on:

'Don't you see we think that while life is full of hope and promise we will think only of our own enjoyment but when it is almost gone, when, as Mrs. Malden says, it is no pleasure to us and no service to him, then we mean to give it to him.'

'Nonsense, Lois,' said Fred.

'Oh, of course, we never put the thought into so many words, but it really amounts to that. How do you think it sounds?'

'I think it sounds decidedly shabby; and it strikes me you might get left. What if he should refuse such a gift.'

'Oh, no, he wouldn't' said Lois, confidently. 'That "whosoever" takes in the most worn and worthless. But though he would not refuse it, I should be ashamed to offer it. I have been thinking it all out. Christ has given his best for me, and I am going to give my best to him. Will you not do the same, Fred?' And she looked at him with shining eyes.

'Oh, come, don't push a fellow: I haven't "thought it all out," as you say. It seems to me it is asking a good deal,' he replied.

'Asking a good deal! Oh, Fred, it is only asking that you treat the Lord honestly and honorably. It is giving you a chance to make the best possible investment of your life. It is offering you all that gives life any meaning or death any hope.'

At this moment a morning caller was announced and Fred took his departure. But her last words followed him. All that day

and for many a day they echoed through his brain. Watching Lois closely, he acknowledged to himself that she had gained something that filled life for her with a sweet and noble meaning; and standing, a few months after, at the open grave of an earnest Christian, a young man, whose instantaneous death had shocked the whole community, he realized that the religion of Jesus Christ was indeed 'all that gives death any hope.'

To-day he can say sincerely and joyfully,

My life I give to Thee

I would not be my own:

O Saviour, let me be

Thine ever, Thine alone:

My heart, my life, my all I bring

To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Jan. 25, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Indian lore—By Rudyard Kipling. Abridged from 'The Times,' London.
Comments on 'The Islanders'—By A.A., 'The Academy' and 'The Pilot,' London.
The Canal Lill—'The Nation,' New York.
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Effectiveness of Double Bashes—Translation made for the 'Literary Digest'.

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LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 16.

The Second PersecutionActs v., 23-42. Memory verses 41-42.
Read Acts v., 12-42; Matthew v., 44-45.**Daily Readings.**

Monday, Feb. 10.—Acts v., 12-24.
Tuesday, Feb. 11.—Acts v., 25-42.
Wednesday, Feb. 12.—Matt. xxvii, 17-25
Thursday, Feb. 13.—Dan. iii., 8-18.
Friday, Feb. 14.—1 Pet. iii., 8-18.
Saturday, Feb. 15.—1 Pet. iv., 12-19.
Sunday, Feb. 16.—Luke vi., 17-26.

Golden Text.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. v., 10.

Lesson Text.

(33) When they heard that, they were cut to the heart, and took counsel to slay them. (34) Then stood there up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space; (35) And said unto them, Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. (36) For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves: who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered, and brought to nought. (37) After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him: he also perished; and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed. (38) And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: (39) But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. (40) And to him they agreed: and when they had called the apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. (41) And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. (42) And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.

Suggestions.

The result of the sudden removal of Ananias and Sapphira from the midst of the disciples was that a great fear came upon the church. Every heart must have turned to ask itself in humility and awe, 'Is there any hypocrisy about me, or am I perfectly sincere and honest with God? And how they must have cried to God to cleanse them from all sin and all taint of insincerity. The outsiders who heard of the terrible punishment of hypocrisy were afraid to join the church unless they were thoroughly convinced in their own minds that they were ready to be perfectly loyal to the risen Saviour. But there were still many new believers added daily to the whole-hearted church. And the Holy Spirit worked mightily through the apostles, miracles of healing and helpfulness.

Again the high priest and his party were roused to anger and envy at the apostles who were so eagerly listened to by the people, and they again sent a guard to arrest the apostles and put them in prison. But just as the day began to dawn, God sent an angel who opened the prison doors and sent them out to speak again in the temple courts the wonderful words of life.

When the high priest arrived at the temple he sent for the whole Council or Sanhedrin, the seventy Elders which made up the religious court. When they were all assembled, they sent to the jail for the apostles. With great amazement the officers came back and reported that although the jail doors were securely shut and the warders on duty, still

the apostles were not in the jail nor anywhere round there. While the Council sat puzzling over this strange fact some one came from the temple courts and told the Council that the apostles were teaching there in their usual place. So they sent to get them again, bidding the officers not use any violence lest they should rouse the anger of the people. When the apostles stood before the Council the high priest demanded what they meant by continuing to teach about Jesus when the Council had strictly forbidden them to do so.

To which Peter replied: 'We must obey God rather than men. The God of our ancestors has raised Jesus from the grave whom you yourselves put to death, by hanging him on a cross. It is this Jesus, whom God has exalted to his right hand, to be a Guide and a Saviour, to give Israel repentance and forgiveness of sins. And we are witnesses to the truth of this, and so is the Holy Spirit—the gift of God to those that obey him.'

When the Council heard this bold and fearless speech they were filled with fury. It enraged them to think that this Peter, a man without even a scribe's education, should thus dare to defy them and actually to accuse them of crucifying the Messiah. They knew that if Peter was in the right, they were very greatly in the wrong. They thought that the easiest solution of the difficulty was to kill Peter and any other of the apostles who insisted on preaching Christ to the people. But as they were angrily muttering about it, one of the members of the Council, Gamaliel, a learned doctor of the law, whose opinion every one respected, arose and with calm dignity commanded that the apostles should be sent out of the room while he should say a few words.

When they were gone, he said, 'Men of Israel, take care what you are going to do with these men. For it is not long ago that Theudas appeared, claiming to be a somebody, and was joined by a body of some four hundred men. He himself was killed, and all his followers scattered and dwindled to nothing. After him, Judas, the Galilean, appeared at the time of the census, and got people to follow him; yet he, too, perished and all his followers dispersed. And in the present case, my advice to you is not to interfere with these men, but to let them alone—for if these designs and these proceedings are only of human origin, they will come to an end; but if they are of divine origin, you will be powerless to end them—or else you may find yourselves in opposition to God!'

The Council took Gamaliel's advice, and after flogging the apostles, sent them away with strict commands not to speak to any one about Jesus Christ. The apostles went home rejoicing that they had had the honor of suffering public disgrace for the cause of Christ. And wherever they went they spoke and preached with renewed vigor about the risen Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Questions.

What influences tended to keep the early church pure and sincere?

How did the common people feel toward the apostles?

How did the priests feel toward them?

What did the high priest do?

How did God show that he was on the side of the apostles?

What did Peter say when the high priest asked why he continued to teach about Jesus?

What advice did Gamaliel give?

How did the apostles feel when they were persecuted for Christ's sake?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 16.—Topic.—Tempted and tried. 1 Cor. x., 13; Heb. ii., 17-18; iv., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.**GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.**

Mon., Feb. 10.—Consecrated great ones.—1 Cor. xxix., 5.

Tues., Feb. 11.—Sincere great ones.—Josh. xxiv., 14.

Wed., Feb. 12.—Earnest great ones.—Ps. cix., 2.

Thu., Feb. 13.—Obedient great ones.—Rom. x., 12-13.

—*From the 'Twentieth Century New Testament.'

Fri., Feb. 14.—Patient great ones.—Rom. ii., 7.

Sat., Feb. 15.—Courageous great ones.—2 Cor., xii., 10.

Sun., Feb. 16.—Topic.—Lessons from great men and women outside of the Bible.—Heb. xiii., 1-2.

**Prohibition in Kansas.****ONLY TWO POLICEMEN, AND AN EMPTY JAIL.**

Professor Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, is widely known as a student of social questions and a teacher and investigator. A short time ago he gave a series of addresses at the Ottawa (Kansas) Chautauqua Assembly. While there, according to his custom, he proposed to make an investigation of local affairs. He asked a citizen of Ottawa to introduce him to the chief of police. The man replied: 'Chief of police? We have no chief of police.' Professor Taylor said: 'Surely you have a police department?' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'we have a day watchman, and a night watchman, and I suppose the night watchman, who is called the marshal, may also be called the chief of police.' Professor Taylor said: 'Do you mean to say that in this town of over 7,500 people, you have only two policemen?' 'Yes, sir, that is all we have,' was the reply. The professor then thought he would visit the jail. He went to the jail, but found it entirely empty. His amazement increased. Here he found a town with a little less than 8,000 people with two policemen and an empty jail, and during the twelve days of the Chautauqua Assembly, with crowds of people from different parts of the land, and some days considerable excitement, there was not a solitary arrest. The explanation is that Kansas is a Prohibition State, and at Ottawa the law is well enforced. Such a record as this would not be possible in any community where there are liquor saloons. Ottawa certainly furnishes a living illustration which he who runs may read.—'League Journal.'

The Saloon Light.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

Dear Sir,—From my office window I can see many places where liquor is sold and as I am at work in the early morning I have noted their lights burning brightly to catch early customers. It suggested the few lines enclosed. If worthy of your temperance column please print them. Long may the 'Messenger' live. As an old boy of forty odd, I read it with pleasure along with the children. Yours truly,

GEO. O. HANNAH

St. John, N. B.

The lights are out in the street,
The grey dawn speaks the day,
And the man of toll, goes plodding by,
To work for his meagre pay.

What means that brilliant light
That just along the street,
From over an open door shines forth,
To guide the traveller's feet?

Is it some noble soul,
Has thought of this kindly plan
To shed his light on the weary feet,
Of his tolling brother man?

Ah, no; it's the rum-seller's web,
For his ever watchful eye
Sees at this hour, where 'flesh is weak,'
He may catch a human fly.

Will he catch you, my brother man,
In his glittering web of sin,
Ah! no. Just use his light if you like,
But let him keep his gin.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' \$1.00.



BABY'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Isabelle's Poor Back.

(*'Christian Intelligencer.'*)

'I think,' said Mrs. White to nurse one hot afternoon, 'that you would better have that prescription filled before dark; for I may need the medicine in the night. You can have one of the children run to the village with it.'

'Please, ma'am, will you tell me which one?' replied nurse. 'Miss Isabelle said her back ached awfully when her father asked her to go for the mail, so Lottie had to go both times to-day; but I don't like to ask the dear child again unless you say so.'

'Well, I'm afraid I shall have to

say so, Kate. But I would like you to give the message to Isabelle first; and, if her poor back is in too critical a condition, why, my little stand-by will have to journey again. Just wait one minute, though,' And Mrs. White, taking back the prescription with a funny little smile, added a few words in

French, handed it again to Kate and leaned back wearily in her chair.

Isabelle's weak back was getting to be an old story in the White family. It was always found to be much worse on busy days, when favors were likely to be asked and an interesting book put aside.

Kate stepped out on the veranda and looked perplexedly from one little girl to the other. Isabelle, as usual, was in full possession of the hammock, deep in one of Miss Alcott's charming stories, while Lottie, perched on the top step, was contentedly munching an apple and fanning her hot face with her tennis cap.

'Miss Isabelle,' Kate began, 'your mamma wants—'

'Now, Kate, you know I told you before that my back was too bad to do any walking to-day; and the sun is sure to make my head ache. If it is that prescription again, that settles it; for I never could walk as far as the druggist's.'

But at the word 'prescription,' Lottie was standing and pulling her cap down firmly over her curls.

'Is poor mamma worse? What is it? I'll run.' And the hot sun and little tired feet were forgotten, while an eager hand was held out for the paper.

'Bless you, Lottie, child! I wish I could go for you, but your mamma can't spare me just now. And, with a withering look at Isabelle's poor back, which was all that was visible of that young lady, Kate went indoors.

It took fully an hour to go and come from the village, including the long wait for the prescription to be filled; and mamma had been made comfortable on a lounge in the shady corner of the veranda when Lottie made her appearance.

'O mamma! How sweet of you to give me such a lovely treat! It made me so cool and rested! And two loving arms were thrown around mother's neck.

At the word 'treat' Isabelle was all attention.

'Did you give Lottie money for soda, mamma?' she asked. But catching the twinkle in mamma's eyes, she added:

'Well, I couldn't have walked so far, anyway; for my back's too bad. But it's just my luck, anyway!'

'Yes dear; it is "just your luck!"

I didn't give Lottie any money for soda, but I did write on the prescription an order to the bearer for ice-cream soda. For I thought if a little girl with a lame back could go, she would certainly need it; and if a little girl who was willing to take that long walk for the third time to-day, she would deserve it. Now run, Lottie, and have a cool bath and get dressed and rested for supper,' and Mrs. White called out a cordial greeting to a merry party coming up the driveway.

There were five of them, all girls, packed in a very small dog cart, drawn by a wise old donkey.

All alighted at once, tumbling over the sides and back, and a rush was made for the veranda.

'Oh, Aunt Jenny!' came a chorus of voices. 'Mamma wants to know how you are feeling to-day, and if the girls can come over for an early supper, with a little tennis afterward. The boys are home again, and it will be jolly fun.'

'How perfectly lovely!' And Isabelle, forgetting that she had a back, jumped up and waltzed around with her cousin.

'There girls, do quiet down for just one moment till we talk it over,' and, in a few words, Mrs. White explained how Isabelle had been confined to the hammock all day with a book, her back being too painful for her to venture out at all; but she thought that Lottie in about an hour would be dressed and rested enough to join them.

Poor Isabelle had subsided again into the hammock, and her face was a study. The sad fact was just forcing itself into her selfish little head that she was really going to lose this lovely evening all on account of a backache, which she could honestly say at this minute wasn't near her back, at least.

'Really, mamma, the pain is all gone. Do believe me I feel quite well.'

'Yes, little daughter, I do believe you. But a back that has been too weak to stir cannot get strong in a minute; and I shall see that it is not strained by tennis at all this summer, until it is strong enough to bear a walk to the village once, if not twice a day, if necessary.'

Nothing more was said on the subject; but a very sober little girl did some hard thinking as she sat

in the library window that evening and listened to the 'katydids.'

And you would be surprised to know how little the White family were troubled with complaints of Isabelle's poor back the rest of the summer.

Which Shall I Thank?

'Tailor, tailor, tell me true,
Where did you get my jacket of blue?'

'I bought the cloth, little master mine,
From the merchant who sells it,
coarse and fine.

I cut it with my shears so bright,
And with needle and thread I sewed it tight.'

'Merchant, merchant, tell me true,
Where did you get the cloth so blue?'

'The cloth was made, little master mine,
Of woollen threads so soft and fine,
The weaver wove them together for me;
With loom and shuttle his trade plies he.'

'Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth,
Where got ye the threads so soft and smooth?'

'From wool they're spun, little master mine;
The spinner carded the wool so fine.
She spun it in threads and brought it to me,
Where my sounding loom whirs cheerily.'

'Spinner, spinner, tell me true,
Where you got the wool such things to do?'

'From the old sheep's back, little master dear,
The farmer he cut it and washed it clear;
The dyer dyed it so bright and blue,
And brought it to me to spin for you.'

'Now, tailor, and merchant, and weaver, too,
And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you!

But the best of my thanks I still will keep
For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep!'

—Laura E. Richards, in 'Morning Star.'

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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Collar Buttons with ivory, gold lever tops and nicely finished backs. They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with 5 ever nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day.

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THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 420 Toronto, Ontario.

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals

that gliten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring, given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. Nothing sells like them. Write for Pins. Sell them, return \$1.50 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid.

THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 411 Toronto.

Advertisements.

EARN THIS WATCH



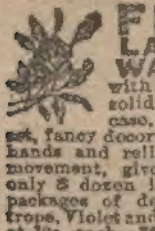
By selling at 15c. each only 10 in. beautiful Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, emeralds, etc. They are something entirely new. Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamental edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

FREE DOLL



With movable head, arms and legs, nearly 2 feet high, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and curly golden hair, fashionably dressed in silks and satins, beautifully trimmed with lace, velvets, etc. She has also slippers, stockings and underwear. Given for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. Favortop Lead Pencils, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. Just out. They go like wildfire. Write for pencils. Sell them, return \$2.00 and receive this lovely doll, postpaid. **Home Specialty Co., Box 402, Toronto.**

FREE LADY'S WATCH



with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 2 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 407, Toronto.**

TOY GRAPHOPHONE.



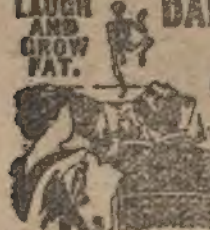
American Model, made entirely of metal, with silver colored record, 8-inch brass horn, and regulating fan. Runs by clock-work and plays pretty music box selections. Given for selling only 1 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send this Graphophone, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 415, Toronto.**

FREE Wonderful Flying Machine



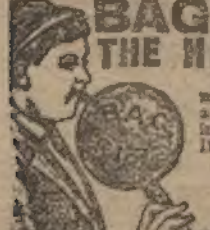
Runs by clock-work. The man seated in the car operates the machinery, causing a pair of big wings to revolve at a terrific rate. Driving the fan-h to swiftly through the air. One winding will keep the Airship flying until you think it is never going to stop. Given for selling only 15 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and receive this Wonderful Flying Machine, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 413, Toronto.**

LAUGH AND CROW FAT. DANCING SKELETON



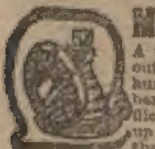
14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, then slowly gets upon its feet and seems to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

BAGPIPES, DANCE THE HIGHLAND FLING



Real Scotch Bagpipes cost a lot of money, but here is an instrument for a few cents that produces a laughable imitation of the famous Scotch music. It consists of a highly decorated, six key horn, a rubber air bag and a wooden mouthpiece. With one of these instruments in your possession you can create a sensation. It is one of the greatest fun-makers out. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 15c. silver, or 2 for 30c. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.**

McGinty Watch and Chain



A most laughable novelty. The lat at thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and box, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c. postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.**

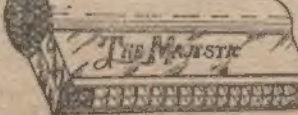
Advertisements.

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT



Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They sell like hot cakes. This camera takes a picture 2x2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo, 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 47, TORONTO.**

FREE MOUTH ORGAN



Famous Majestic concert style, powerful sweet tone, extension ends, brass lining, and handsomely decorated silver nickel sides and reverbator, given for selling at 15c. each, only 8 Fashionable Gold Finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Mouth Organ postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 428, TORONTO.**

SILK REMNANTS



By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillows and many other beautiful and ornamental articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, 10c. silver. Two for 20c. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**

FREE DOLL



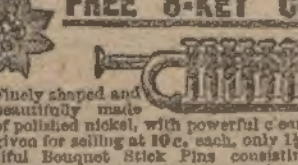
With movable head, arms and legs, nearly 2 feet high, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and curly golden hair, fashionably dressed in silks and satins, beautifully trimmed with lace, velvets, etc. She has a so slippers, stockings and underwear. Given for selling at 15c. each only 15 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large, handsome, imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return \$2.00, and receive this lovely Doll, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 402, Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals



that glitter with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at 15c. each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return \$1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Jewelry Co., Box 409, Toronto.**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET



Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling at 10c. each, only 15 dozen beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins consisting of three pretty flowers on a delicately enameled green leaf. The best sellers ever offered. Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send your Cornet with complete self-instructor and a large collection of popular pieces, postpaid. **THE PIN CO., BOX 411, TORONTO.**

FREE DOLL



Richly dressed in soft white fur, with very pretty face and movable head, arms and legs; can stand up or sit down alone. Given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you this lovely Doll, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 424, TORONTO, ONT.**

MAGIC LANTERN



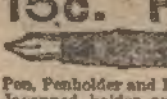
with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. They are easy to sell. Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.**

Free INTERNATIONAL Bible



1585 Pages. Clear new type on fine white paper. Old and New Testaments, 63 pages helps, references, Glossary, Concordance, etc., also 16 beautiful full-page engravings and 16 full-page maps in colors. Overlapping flexible Morocco Seal binding, gilt edges, rounded corners and elastic band. Given for selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return \$2.40, and receive this handsome Bible, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 422, Toronto**

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black japanned holder and cup, Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. It always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c. each. Our price only 15c. each or \$1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto, Ont.**

SNAKES



Wonderful and startling. Produced from a small egg no larger than a pea. Touch one with a lighted match and instantly a large snake uncoils itself. Each snake takes a different position, one gliding along with head erect, another coiled up ready for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another stretches out lazily. When the egg stops burning the snake hardens and may be kept as a curiosity. 12 eggs in a box, 3 boxes for 10c., or 9 for 25c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

STEREOSCOPE



Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black woods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it. Write for perfume, sell it, return the money and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 425 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE GOLD CASED



Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold design, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth \$50.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 423 TORONTO**

FREE



Handsome Silver Nickel Watch with fancy dial and reliable movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this handsome reliable Watch postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

FREE 6 LACE HANDKERCHIEFS



Fine white linen lawn, full size, hem-stitched with beautiful lace edge, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return \$1.20, and receive your 6 Lace Handkerchiefs, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 430 Toronto, Ont.**

BOY'S PRINTER



A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type trowel. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.**